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NO. 29.

Hay Making Song.

Gently and low

The breezes blow

Over the blossomed clover;

And blithe and gay,

I take the hay

Beside my own true lover.

Oh, rain, slack!

Stay thee back,

Back to the clouds above us;

Storm must wait

Nor separate

Loves from those who love us.

Quickly afield

Our load is wheeled,

My love doth ride him;

My bonnie rake

In hand I take,

And journey on beside him.

Gently and low

The breezes blow

Over the blossomed clover;

I take the hay

Because I love my lover.

BLEACHING THE LINEN.

A STORY OF THE FOURTH OF JULY.

In a little, gable-roofed cottage in the fragrant country of Cherryland, standing far back from the road, and almost hidden by the tall old cherry trees that grew all around it, lived Grandmamma Van Dorn and her pretty granddaughter, Winnie.

I say "pretty," though some of the ladies who boarded at the old-fashioned summer hotel, a mile or so away, and who had had their attention unwisely called to her by their escorts, as they passed her on the road, declared they could see no beauty in her—"a little brown thing, with a babyish nose and eyes as big as an owl's."

Winnie was a "brown little thing," that's true, for she had not yet learned that in really civilized life complexion is made of powder and rouge, and her dark hair was brushed back from a low brow, innocent of "bangs" or "friz," and hung in one heavy, braided tress at the end with a crimson ribbon—down her back in the most primitive manner. Her eyes were arched and darkened as much as nature thought proper; her big, soft, black eyes owed their brightness to no foreign aid, and her prettily-shaped hands, still browner than her face, had—shocking as it may appear—never known the softening influence of gloves of kid.

It was the afternoon of the 3d of July when Grandmamma Van Dorn—a hearty old lady of seventy years—sat alone in her neat sitting-room (the carpets and mats on the floor made by her own hands and the queer-shaped gourd that ornamented the mantel in her own garden), bolt upright at a straight-backed chair, spectacles on her nose, holding a letter she had just received, in both hands, and slowly reading it aloud in a low voice. The letter was from another granddaughter, a cousin of Winnie's and formerly also an inmate of the little cottage, but who having had the good fortune to attract the attention of a wealthy old bachelor, whose little nephew had dragged him one summer evening from the hotel to the widow Van Dorn for the purpose of buying some of the delicious "white hearts" for which her garden was celebrated, was now that gentleman's wife and a fashionable city lady, and read thus:

DEAR GRANDMAMMA—Three or four young men, acquaintances of ours, are going to Cherryland on the 3d to remain over the 4th, and I have an idea, if I pleased with I think they would all they cannot fail to be, they will stay longer, perhaps a couple of weeks. They are all good fellows but inclined to flirt, especially the young civil engineer, Elbert Vahlen, with whom half the girls in our circle are in love. If Winnie remains at home they are very likely to see her, and seeing her—she is so very pretty—they would all admire her and some one of them, no doubt, fancy himself in love with her.

You had better send her on a visit to Aunt Sarah's while they are there. I shall never forget what I suffered when I heard of Edward Brewster's marriage after he had led me to believe in every way except actual proposal that I was to be his wife, and I would protect Winnie from a like experience.

These young city men seem to think that the heart of a country girl can be won and thrown away like a daisy or clover blossom.

Your affectionate granddaughter,
PAMELIA BROWN.

P.S.—Don't imagine that I have any feeling about Mr. Brewster now. I am only too thankful he acted as he did, for it is very much better to be the wife of a rich merchant than the wife of his poor bookkeeper.

"Right thoughtful of Pamela," said Grandmamma Van Dorn, as she re-folded the letter and placed it in the envelope. "I'm glad she's contented. I was afraid Mr. Brown being so old and so uncommon humbly would have riled her some. But money is a great comfort. How contrary to think Sarah's gone to Maine. What will I do with Winnie? Good hands! what a fool I be. There's the linen to bleach. That'll take two weeks, and she'll go and come by the back lane. Sure enough!"

At this moment little Winnie came

dancing in, the cat in her arms and the dog following after.

Grandmamma thrust the letter into her capacious pocket and looked up over her gold-rimmed spectacles as demurely as though her thoughts had never been off the knitting that lay in her lap.

"We'll have peas in a few days, grandmamma," said Winnie, "and the vine that we thought dead is all-thriving bloom."

"That's good news, dear," said the artful old lady. "And ain't it pleasant to think that the planting's all done and the things a-growin' nicely, and everything in order till next fall? But, sakes alive! Winnie, the linen on the top shelf in the back room closet is dretful yaller—yaller's saffron. You must take it down to the old bleaching place by the brook to-morrow and bleach it for a week or two."

"Dear me! grandmamma," said Winnie, with a charming little grimace, "how lonely that will be. Couldn't it be bleached here somewhere? I'm sure there's enough sun and grass—"

"But there ain't no brook," interrupted the old lady, "and you don't want to be carrying water all the time from the well to sprinkle it with. And, Winnie, I'm right mad" (she didn't look mad, though she tried to) "at your not wanting to take care of your own, for your every speck of that linen will be—tablecloths, sheets, pillow-cases and all. I've been savin' it for you for years till you get married, and I guess that ain't be far off if you're willin', for George Topnot was a speakin' to me about you other day—"

"George Topnot!" exclaimed Winnie, with a flash of temper. "If ever he speaks to me of marriage he'll have no top-knot."

"There, there," said Widow Van Dorn, soothingly, "don't make such a rash vow. I declared I wouldn't have your grandfather."

"But two weeks, granny dear," said Winnie, going back to the original subject, "is such a long time."

"Long time! How you talk. A fortnight, and a fortnight's only fourteen days. You can take the dog with you and your story books. Pamela sent you. And you're right near Mrs. Williams (tell her I'll come and see her soon's my rheumatic foot's better), and her little Janey will stay with you half the time. Now be a good girl and be ready to go to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" repeated Winnie. "Why, grandmamma, to-morrow's the 4th, when there's to be a band at the hotel and lots of fireworks. I thought you'd let me go there and spend the day. Mrs. Brower asked me herself a week ago."

"Tut! tut! Much better spend the day in the meadow, bleaching the linen. Fireworks is dangerous things. I once read of a woman who was killed by one," said the widow, rising from the chair and limping out to look at the garden.

So Winnie was fain to submit, and the next morning saw her depart, her broad-brimmed hat drooping over her brown face and hiding the tears in her dark eyes, and a bundle of linen in her round, brown arms. Boy-blue, the dear old dog, trotted along at her side, and her grandmamma stood looking after her from the doorway.

"Too bad," said the old lady, as the little figure disappeared in the lane. "I hated awful to displease her. I once read of a woman who was killed by one," said the widow, rising from the chair and limping out to look at the garden.

With the sunset came Winnie. Gone were the tears, and her face was as bright as ever. "Buttercups and daisies! Oh, the pretty flowers!" she sang, as she came in the garden gate. Grandmamma beheld her with secret joy.

"Was you very lonely, Winnie?" she asked.

"Not very," replied Winnie.

And every day after the little brown girl came dancing and singing home, as happy as happy could be, until the two weeks came to an end. That night she said to the old lady: "The linen is as white as snow, grandmamma and it smells of the clover, and I'm so glad it's to be mine."

"Aye! my child," replied the widow, "you've come to your senses and you begin to see what a fine present it'll be for you when you're married."

"Oh! granny dear, I wasn't thinking of that," said Winnie, a suspicious blush, nevertheless, mantling her face.

"Have you seen George Topnot lately?" asked her grandmamma, a sudden thought darting through her mind.

"Oh! granny, granny, how can you!" said Winnie, reproachfully. "George Topnot, indeed!" and then a smile called out the two dimples that hid in her cheeks. "To-morrow I shall bring the linen home. For I'm little Buttercup—dretful little Buttercup."

"Eh? What's that about buttercups, Winnie?" asked grandmamma. "I hope none of it looks like buttercups, 'cause it must be yellower than ever if it does."

"No, no, gran," laughed the girl; "it's as white as the leaves of the daisies. I was singing a bit of a song I picked up somewhere."

And the next evening, a little earlier than usual, Winnie made her appear-

ance, and with her a handsome young man! They carried the clothes basket, heaped up with snowy linen, between them, while Boy-blue, his neck adorned with a wreath of wildflowers, gambolled about them, apparently on the friendliest terms with the stranger.

"Bless and save us!" said grandmamma Van Dorn, holding up her trembling hands in great astonishment, "who is this?"

"Elbert Vahlen, civil—extremely civil—engineer, at your service, ma'am," said the saucy fellow, setting down the basket and taking off his Panama, revealing a head covered with auburn curls as he did so.

The old lady sank into a chair that fortunately stood on the porch, and looked from one to the other in a bewildered manner. "Thought you'd gone home," she gasped at last.

"Glad to say you were mistaken, ma'am. My friends left day before yesterday, but I remained for the pleasure of helping to bring the linen, all splendidly bleached, home to you."

"Don't be angry, dear grandmamma," plead Winnie, kneeling before her, "and I'll tell you all about it. The very first day I went to the meadow—the fourth, you know—Elbert—that is Mr. Vahlen—came near shooting me."

"Yes, indeed, grandmamma," said Mr. Vahlen. "I had been tramping about looking for my old nurse, Kate O'Reilly, now Mrs. Williams, who I knew lived somewhere around here, and whom I had not seen since I was the dearest, sweetest little boy that ever lived, and lost my way. Having lost my way I proceeded to fire off my gun, which I was carrying in honor of the day, in hopes that some one would come to my rescue. To my horror, a scream—a woman's scream—instinctly succeeded the shot, and hastening in the direction of the sound I found this darling little girl, a still smaller girl clinging to her dress, clasping her hands in a terrible fright and as white as, yes, whiter, than the all sorts of things that were spread on the green, green grass. Mr. Ball had whizzed past her and lodged in a tree a few feet away. I called myself any number of opprobrious names and vowed I'd shoot myself then and there if she did not forgive me—"

"And I did forgive him, granny, dear," said Winnie, earnestly, "because it wasn't really his fault, you know. He never dreamed there was any one but himself in that lonely spot, and Boy-blue liked him right away and Mrs. Williams came over the brook—she heard the gun, too—and oh! my, how she did kiss him. And he knows cousin Pamela well and she never said a word to him about me, though she knew he was coming to Cherryland, and you'd be so glad to see him, being a friend of hers: And he was very tired and hungry and I gave him half my lunch—"

"Home-made bread and butter, pot cheese and cookies," said Mr. Vahlen.

"And Mrs. Williams sent Janey with a pitcher of milk and some custard pie. And the next day he happened along that way again looking for the Gigan-Giganteus—"

"Giganteus-diamondus pebbleus," said Mr. Vahlen. "A wonderful stone which I am told is sometimes found in this part of the country, and which I am anxious to possess."

"Did you find it, sir?" asked the old lady, recovering from her astonishment at last.

"No, ma'am, I can't say I did. But," dropping his jesting tone as he took Winnie's small brown hand in his, "I found something infinitely more precious. A face as pretty as the wild wood flowers. A soul as pure—a heart as innocent as a little child's. A nut-brown maid sweeter than all the lily maids I have ever met."

"Ten thousand what-dye-call-ems," exclaimed Winnie Van Dorn, almost using in her excitement one of the favorite exclamations of her husband. "And this is the end of all my care? And me thinking all the time how well I'd contrived and what a good, healthy appetite the gal had!"

"Better short-cake and tomato marmalade I never ate," said the young man.

"And now, sir," continued the old lady, her eyes beginning to twinkle, "having provided you with your lunch for a fortnight, no doubt you'd like to have me ask you to supper?"

"If you please, ma'am. But first consent to accept me for a grandson. The linen's been bleached and I've been tanned, and Winnie and I only want your consent to consider ourselves betrothed. Most noble lady Van Dorn, I kiss your hand." And he did.

"Pshaw!" said the old lady, a flush of pleasure on her wrinkled cheeks. "How you act; come in, both of you, the tea's been drawn in half an hour." — *Detroit Free Press.*

Dr. Hassel, of England, discovers that one may acquire disease by licking postage stamps which contain red lead in the coloring. He says that sage green and dull red wall papers contain arsenic as well as green ones. The penny stamps of England are very poisonous.

A popular loan is one that a fellow gets without obligation to pay back.

Saved from Shipwreck by Oil.

Pouring oil on troubled waters generally is regarded by the sea captains more as a fine sentiment than as a practical hint to be observed in time of danger; but as far back as 1770 a Dutch East Indian trader claimed to have been saved from shipwreck on a treacherous reef by pouring out on the sea a jar of olive oil. Later another instance is recorded in which a vessel having been wrecked in a hurricane, a cask of lamp oil, which was kept in a small boat, became broken, and so quieted the sea in the immediate vicinity that most of the crew succeeded in getting to an island near by.

Captain Jarman, of the four-masted ship *Romsdal*, stated to a New York reporter recently that, although he had long known of the wonderful effect of oil poured upon a rough sea, yet he had never put his knowledge into practice until his last voyage. The subject having been recalled to his mind lately by a little article in one of the seamen's tracts, he decided to test the recipe. He caused to be made two canvas sacks, shaped like a bottle, each having a capacity of about three gallons of oil. These he filled with common lamp oil. Soon after, in the middle of the Atlantic, he encountered a violent hurricane with terrific seas, which lasted twenty hours. The waves broke over the stern and threatened to swamp the vessel. Remembering his oil, he punctured the canvas bags and caused one to be towed over each quarter. The effect, he said, was magical. The waves, although remaining at the same height, no longer broke over the stern; but for several yards around where the oil had spread upon the water there was apparently a calm. The ship was thus relieved from the tremendous shock of heavy seas, breaking over her, and the danger was considerably lessened. Captain Jarman thinks that the use of oil in the case of a ship hove-to in a storm would be a very good thing. He says that although this was the first time he had ever tried the experiment, it was not novel by any means. He had known cases in which crews had escaped from vessels when it would have been impossible to lower a boat without its being swamped, except that oil was thrown over the ship's side, and the sea was sufficiently calmed to allow the boats to be lowered without danger. He has also seen whaling vessels lying quietly while near by the other vessels were violently tossed about. The whaling vessels were so thoroughly saturated with oil that the water remained calm all about them. He says that the method is so simple and so inexpensive that he intends to have oil bags always ready for use hereafter.

How a Lightning Stroke Feels.

Nearly all the medical authorities and those who have been fortunate enough to recover from a stroke of lightning agree that the electricity acts with such extreme rapidity as to be absolutely painless. Prof. Tyndall relates that while standing in the presence of an audience, and about to lecture, he accidentally touched a wire leading from a charged battery of fifteen large Leyden jars. Life was absolutely blotted out for a very sensible interval, without a trace of pain. In another second or so consciousness returned. He saw himself in the presence of the audience and in contact with the apparatus, and realized that he had received the discharge. The intellectual consciousness of his position was restored with exceeding rapidity, but not so the optical consciousness. To prevent the audience being alarmed, he stated that he had often been his desire to receive, accidentally, such a shock, and that his wish had at length been gratified. But while making this explanation, the appearance which his body presented to himself was that of being in separate pieces. His arms, for example, seemed to be detached from his body and suspended in the air. Memory and the power of reasoning and speech were completed long before the optic nerve recovered from the electric shock.

Jewels as Agents of Crime.

In all ages jewels of price have been a ready incentive to crime, but not a few cases are on record in which they have been the agent of the crime, instead of its cause. Caesar Borgia possessed a ring with a sharp-edged setting, which would occasionally scratch the hand of some guest whom he was greeting with special cordiality; and no one who received this compliment was ever known to survive it more than a day or two. A similar fatality attended a celebrated decoration much used by two or three of the Russian emperors. When clasped around the recipient's neck its point was apt to puncture the skin if awkwardly handled, and death speedily followed. One of the native princes of India, when about to fall into the hands of his enemies, swallowed a sharp-pointed diamond, which caused instant death by cutting a vein in his throat. A diamond in the possession of a noble French family, which was said to have caused the death of all its owners in turn, put the climax to its malign influence by ultimately forming part of the famous necklace which played so fatal a part in the history of Marie Antoinette.

TIMELY TOPICS.

There are many instances in various parts of the world where the whole or a portion of a stream suddenly disappears from sight, and, in some cases, the place of its reappearance is unknown, or, at best, a matter of conjecture. It is a common experiment, where the waters of a river make a plunge and reappear at a short distance, to throw chaff into the upper waters, and note its appearance upon the surface of the lower. But the *Engineering and Mining Journal* describes a different practice. It having been supposed that a portion of the water of the upper end of the Danube went to feed the river Aach, an affluent of Lake C nstance, and some ten miles distant from the Danube. Mr. Knapp improved and greatly beautified this experiment by emptying into the Danube some fifteen gallons of fluorescence—a very powerful green coloring matter—of which one 20,000,000th part will give a perceptible color to water. In about sixty hours the waters of the Aach began to show a marked green tint, which continued for a day, and although the current of the Aach passes some 1,500 gallons per second, was so pronounced as to alarm the inhabitants.

Sir Henry Bessemer has had an experience that few inventors are allowed to have, in living to see the world-wide results of his invention, and to realize the economy in resources which has been made possible by its use. The sewing machine and electric telegraph have been labor-saving in their effect to an enormous extent, but with these it would have been difficult for their originators when alive to estimate the monetary value to mankind of the discoveries. With the making of steel the case, however, is different, for the saving can be figured down to a nicety on every ton made, and the annual product of the various civilized countries is pretty accurately known. From data thus collected it is estimated that in labor and material the world is a gainer to the amount of \$100,000,000 a year by using the Bessemer process in converting ore into steel. Or considered in another way, the advantage of a low-priced, enduring material, such as Bessemer steel, when compared with iron, has been made a matter of calculation as far as railroad tracks are concerned with the following astonishing results: Mr. Price Williams, who is an expert on matters of this kind, has stated that by substituting steel for iron a saving in expenditure will be made during the life of one set of steel rails on all the existing lines in Great Britain of not less than \$850,000,000. In view of these facts, if Sir Henry has obtained in royalties the sum of \$5,250,000, most persons will concede he has got no more than he deserves.

It is said that the late G. W. M. Reynolds had made more money by his sixty or seventy cheaply sensational novels than many of the most distinguished authors in Great Britain. His earnings from his stories have been estimated as high as \$300,000, which may be an exaggeration, although that would not be much more than \$4,000 a novel, and some of his novels are reported to have brought him in \$8,000, \$9,000, \$10,000, and even \$12,000 apiece. Tyndall, Darwin, Huxley or Carpenter has, we venture to assert, never made more than a third as much by his life-long devotion to science. Matthew Arnold, considered one of the most cultured and intellectual authors in Great Britain, could count it, it is said, \$50,000 as the direct product of his pen. Carlyle, ranked by many as the first thinker of his time, and by all as a master mind, has, after a career of continual activity and the publication of forty or fifty volumes, acquired, in his eighty-fourth year, an income of little more than \$5,000. Robert Browning, however, by a number of critics to be the first of living poets, would not have been able to support himself had he not had a private fortune. It is questionable if even George Eliot has, notwithstanding her much-talked-of literary rewards, gained as much by her famous novels as Reynolds is credited with. Hardly any of his literary contemporaries except Tennyson and Dickens can be mentioned, who have dabbled in ink to so much pecuniary purpose as he. The most liberal compensations for literature are often given to those whose productions scarcely deserve the name of literature at all.

The *Celestial Empire* tells of a Chinaman who has lived among the Miao-ts and gives a curious account of their love-making. When the parents of a lad and girl think that a match between their children will be suitable, the latter are directed to mount each a hillock distant a hundred paces or so from one another. From the summit the girl sings or chants, and when she has finished, the lad responds in suitable language. The parents then ask the daughter if the youth's song reciprocates her sentiments. If she says "yes," he is asked whether he will take her or no. If he declines, both parties must begin all over again on some other occasion.

The Way the Rain Behaves.

Beating the clover
Under and over,
Tossing it tidder,
Flinging it tidder,
This is the way the rain behaves!
Pelted the garden,
Begging no garden,
Though all the roses
Fall on their noses,
This is the way the rain behaves!
Drubbing and rubbing,
All the leaves scrubbing,
Then the trees shaking,
Leaving them quaking,
This is the way the rain behaves!
Splashing and dashing,
Merry drops dashing,
Each other hustling—
Oh, what a hustling!
This is the way the rain behaves!
— *Wide Awake.*

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The popular pulse—Impulse.

Henry Ward Beecher is sixty years old.

Baron Nathan Rothschild died worth about \$45,000,000.

De Lesseps says ground will be broken for the Darien canal next New Year's day.

As soon as a new-born babe comes into the family its father wants to give it a weigh.

A Louisville woman was arrested for bawling her heir. She whipped her boy beyond the limits of the law.

Messrs. Matthew and Guy Vassar, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., intend to erect in that city a structure to be used as a home for poor old men.

A cypress saw-log recently passed down the Sabine, in Texas, sixty feet long and seven feet in diameter, capable of making 50,000 shingles.

The man who won't take a paper because he can borrow one has invented a machine with which he can "cook his dinner by the smoke of his neighbor's chimney."

"The soul that is in earnest will not stop to count the cost," says the New Orleans *Picayune*, and we think it means the melon thief who braves the buldog.—*Boston Post.*

James Larrabee, of Stark, N. H., a veteran woodsman of eighty-eight years, has furnished spars and masts for 500 vessels; he has not been ill for fifty years, and can still remain up and about night for two days at a time while engaged in his work in the forest.

The Indiana towns are voting penalties of five dollars a time for blowing whistles in their limits, but the Legislature made whistle-blowing obligatory. It is two years before the wise men meet again, and there is a question whether the towns can overrule the State law.

When the thermometer marks twenty degrees in the shade the Greenlanders go abroad mopping the perspiration off their brows and asking one another, "Is it hot enough for you?" And they wish a thunder storm would come up and cool off the atmosphere.—*Norristown Herald.*

People talk very lightly of "supplying an army," says the London *Spectator*, as if it were an easy thing; but just let them try to take five wagons across at thousand acres of plowed field. In India the camels, if over-urged, have a trick of "spitting up"—that is, dislocating or slipping their thigh bones out of the socket in a way that no veterinary skill is able to repair; and even in Zululand, and with oxen, the beasts die of heart-break as much as any thing.

Cut Flowers.

The following hints, though containing nothing novel, are apt to be forgotten by those who in summer call the choicest flowers for house decoration:

Flowers decay much sooner when tied in bunches than when arranged loosely. Too little air and too much water are the bane of most species.

The moisture furnished cut flowers should be rain water of moderate temperature. When gathering flowers use a pair of sharp shears or a knife for woody plants such as roses, camellias, spiraea, deutzias, fuchsias and the like.

It is far better to gather your flowers than to let them fade upon the plants. A cool room is best adapted for keeping flowers fresh; stale tobacco smoke will wither them.

Take away each flower as it fades or it will destroy the others.

Hot water will often restore flowers to freshness, even when every petal is drooping. Place the stems in a cup of boiling hot water; let them remain until each petal has become smoothed out; then cut off the coddled ends and place them in water of moderate temperature. Ammonia added to the water also revives them quickly. When going for wild flowers or ferns carry a close fitting tin box, in which have a wet sponge and basket; the smaller flowers, shut in the box, and the stems of large flowers insert in the pores of the sponge which you carry in the basket. Flowers should always be transported in air tight boxes.